## 

Hoceollnm Gerritsoin, qropritors.

## FONG OF THE FISHERRMAN DEmocrt.

|  That tirit the pathess Of rild urreat Ter thousiand naries sweep. <br> I lore the moant <br> Add bollow groan <br> Of angy braken zear <br> At wavee rebouid Delighto my liet'ning ear. <br> At dead of night, <br> By Luna's light; <br> foos to viex raging bl <br> The wavelata blie, Disporting gaily past. <br> The mermaid ${ }^{\prime}$ wail <br> That homing the gale <br> That how ling sreepi alogg, Though fereed, wequo told <br> By scamén bolla, <br> I deem a cherry toong. |
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|  |  | Suply Glèn. HRAROFTHEMOON

 ITer highneses is alone.
Heriduty was by nature't lanm
 Her glory crowned the hanren!
Her splendor filled the aitThe ocean gape on everer waz
Her inage full and fiair.
 Astreet and plaid smile.
 That, bere and there, the loving pair
Was maiking arim in ip arm.
 He ffiry-land in siem.


 Butgort her gloom; by Natire doo
Her s. The stia or bope her sedness bro
And introdiced a firied.


 And hid her face belind
of bille
or
 Bu not in haste, öo pare and chast Till fevere sere that dotat there etsy:
 Satit night the dider more near, to viow


 To end itieir cairt, ata mate it short, MORAL



 Red Oh Zecharish Robingon,
 Hisane man. On bis crose oxmination









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## Sill



Holime 14, © e umber 18

| to stir, and to lower me a rope. l" he sprang into the iver. <br> But or her whow be wis ristitag his life to |  |
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Lhish his hast hope of fobpion eeme


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